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# P O E M S:

BY MISS SEWARD.

To which are added,

## LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO HER

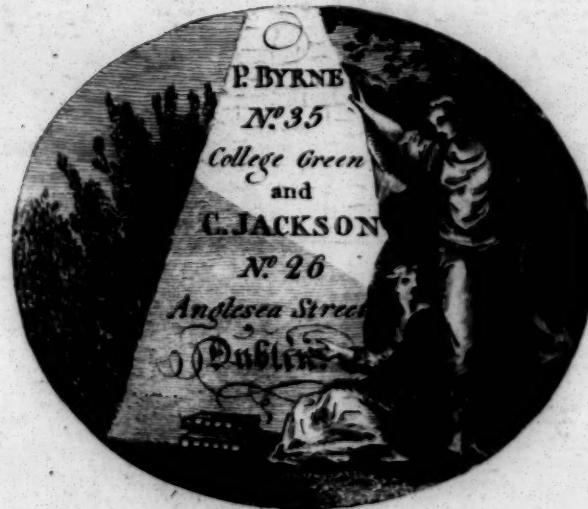
By MAJOR ANDRE,  
IN THE YEAR 1769.

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THE FIFTH EDITION.

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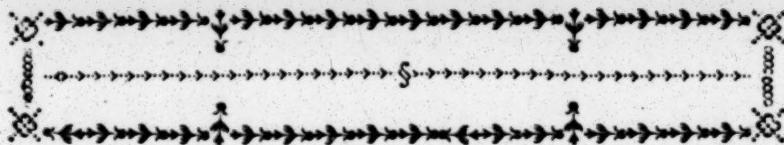
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M.DCC.LXXXI.

60...77



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A N  
E L E G Y  
O N  
C A P T A I N C O O K.  
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A N

# E L E G Y

O N

## C A P T A I N C O O K.

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew  
Shed the bright drops of Pity's holy dew ;  
Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires ;  
Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres ;  
To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,  
In deep accordance to a Nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for Cook's illustrious brow  
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,  
Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,  
And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,  
Strike the flow death-bell !---weave the sacred verse,  
And strew the cypress o'er his honor'd hearse ;  
In sad procession wander round the shrine,  
And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine !

Say first, what Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast  
 With scorn of danger, and inglorious rest,  
 To quit imperial London's gorgeous plains,  
 Where, rob'd in thousand tints, bright Pleasure reigns ;  
 In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,  
 And twines, 'mid wintry snows, her roseate bow'rs ?  
 Where Beauty moves with undulating grace,  
 Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,  
 On each fond Youth her soft artillery tries,  
 Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes ?

What Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave  
 The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave ?  
**C**limes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardors shine,  
 And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line ;  
 'The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,  
 'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies ?—  
**I**T W A S HUMANITY !—on coasts unknown,  
 The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,  
 And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays  
 “ Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”  
 She bade him seek ;—on each inclement shore ;  
 Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store ;  
 Unite the savage hearts, and hostile hands,  
 In the firm compact of her gentle bands ;  
 Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,  
 Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

IT WAS HUMANITY!—O Nymph divine!  
 I see thy light step print the burning Line!  
 There thy bright eye the dubious pilot guides,  
 The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.—  
 On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,  
 Mild, and more mild, the sloping sun-beams glow;  
 Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,  
 As round th' horizon rolls the timid day;  
 Barb'd with the fleeted snow, the driving hail,  
 Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;  
 And thro' the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,  
 Wide o'er the waves incumbent horror low'rs.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,  
 Contrasting Glory gilds the dreary deep!  
 Lo!—deck'd with vermeil youth and beamy grace,  
 Hope in her step, and gladness in her face,  
 Light on the icy rock, with outstretch'd hands,  
 The Goddess of the new Columbus stands.  
 Round her bright head the plumy \* Peterels soar,  
 Blue as her robe, that sweeps the frozen shore;  
 Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,  
 And warm as summer-suns her golden hair;  
 O'er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,  
 And courage kindles in their magic beam.

\* *Peterels soar.*—The peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

She points the ship its mazy path, to thread

\* The floating fragments of the frozen bed.

While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful form,  
 The giant Danger howls along the storm,  
 Furling the † iron sails with numbed hands,  
 Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands ;  
 Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows rave,  
 And the ‡ vast ruin thunder on the wave.---  
 Appall'd he hears !---but checks the rising sigh,  
 And turns on his firm band a glist'ning eye—  
 Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,  
 Amid the terrors of the icy wreck ;  
 Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,  
 Congealing as it falls ;---nor pain, nor fear,

\* *The floating fragments.*—“ In the course of the last twenty-four hours, we passed through several fields of broken ice ; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close, that the ship had much difficulty to *thread* them.”

† *Furling the iron sails.*—“ Our sails and rigging were so frozen, that they seemed plates of iron.”

‡ *And the vast ruin.*—The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's second voyage to the south Pole.

Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,  
Till \* Nature draws the circumscribing line.  
Huge rocks of ice th' arrested ship embay,  
And bar the gallant Wanderer's dangerous way.—  
His eye regretful marks the Goddess turn  
Th' assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain  
Frowns, and o'erhangs th' inhospitable main.  
On it's chill beach this dove of human-kind  
For his long-wandering foot short rest shall find,  
Bear to the coast the † olive-branch in vain,  
And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—  
With jealous low'r the frowning natives view  
The stately vessel, and th' advent'rous crew ;  
Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,  
But scowl with savage thirst of human blood !

And yet there were, who in this iron clime  
Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime ;

\* *Till Nature, &c.*—“ After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite embay'd, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south, to east, in one compact body ; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it.”

† *The Olive branch.*—“ To carry a green branch in the hand on landing, is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas.”

Rever'd

Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove  
 To soothe his stay with hospitable love ;  
 Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,  
 Join'd plighted hands and \* name exchang'd for name.  
 To these the Hero leads † his living store,  
 And pours new wonders on th' uncultur'd shore ;  
 The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain ;  
 And future herds and harvests bless the plain.  
 O'er the green soil his Kids exulting play,  
 And sounds his clarion loud the Bird of day ;  
 The downy Goose her ruffled bosom laves,  
 Trims her white wing and wantons in the waves ;  
 Stern moves the Bull along th' affrighted shores,  
 And countless nations tremble as he roars.

So when the Daughter of eternal Jove,  
 And Ocean's God, to bless their Athens strove,  
 The massy trident with gigantic force  
 Cleaves the firm earth---and gives the stately Horse ;

\* *And name exchang'd.*—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

† *His living store.*—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

He

He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,  
 Shakes his high front, and thunders o'er the plain.  
 Then Wisdom's Goddess plants the embryon seed,  
 And bids new foliage shade the fultry mead ;  
 \*Mid the pale green the tawny olives shine,  
 And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,  
 Darts from the north its mild meridian ray ;  
 Again the Chief invokes the rising gale,  
 And spreads again in desert seas the sail ;  
 O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,  
 O'er \* walls of coral, ambush'd in the deeps ;  
 Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine,  
 And † sleepless Patience heaves the sounding-line.

On a lone beach a ‡ rock-built temple stands,  
 Stupendous pile ! unwrought by mortal hands ;

\* *Walls of coral.*—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, insomuch that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom ; and yet they were but just covered with water.—These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

† *And sleepless Patience.*—“ We had now passed several months with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead.”

‡ *A rock-built temple.*—“ On one part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple.”

Sublime

Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,  
 And the wide roof basaltic columns bear ;  
 Thro' the long aisles the murm'ring tempests blow,  
 And Ocean chides his dashing waves below.  
 From this fair fane, along the silver sands,  
 Two sister-virgins wave their snowy hands ;  
 First \* gentle Flora—round her smiling brow  
 Leaves of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow ;  
 Thin folds of † vegetable silk, behind,  
 Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind ;  
 Strange sweets, where'er she turns, perfume the glades,  
 And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades.  
 ---Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,  
 A playful ‡ Kangroo bounding by her side ;

\* *First gentle Flora.*—Flora is the Goddess of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology : hence the pupils of Linnæus call their books *Flora Anglica*—*Fauna Danica*, &c.—“ The Flora of one of these islands contained thirty new plants.”

† *Vegetable silk.*—In New-Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax ; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

‡ *A playful Kangroo.*—The kangroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

Around

Around the Nymph her beauteous \* Pois display  
 Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay ;  
 A † Giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,  
 Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.  
 As o'er the cliff her graceful step she bends,  
 On glittering wing her insect-train attends.  
 With diamond-eye her scaly tribes survey  
 Their Goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.

With earnest gaze the still, enamour'd crew  
 Mark the fair forms ; and, as they pass, pursue ;  
 But round the steepy rocks, and dangerous strand,  
 Rolls ‡ the white surf, and shipwreck guards the land.

\* *Beauteous Pois*.—“The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey ; and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion-joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its *poies*, which, being the Otaheitean word for ear-rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird ; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for the exquisite melody of its note.”

† *A Giant-bat*.—The bats which Captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and an half in breadth, when their wings were extended.

‡ *Rolls the white surf*.—“As we passed this island, many of its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the vegetation much invited our naturalists to land, but their earnest wishes were in vain, from the dangerous reefs and the violence of the surfs.”

So,

So, when of old, Sicilian shores along,  
 Enchanting Syrens trill'd th' alluring song,  
 Bound to the mast the charm'd Ulysses hears,  
 And drinks the sweet tones with infatiate ears ;  
 Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosp'rous gale,  
 And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

Now leads HUMANITY the destin'd way,  
 Where all the Loves in Otaheite stray.  
 To bid the Arts disclose their wond'rous pow'rs,  
 To bid the Virtues consecrate the bow'rs,  
 She gives her Hero to its blooming plain.---  
 Nor has he wander'd, has he bled in vain !  
 His lips persuasive charm th' uncultur'd youth,  
 Teach Wisdom's lore, and point the path of Truth.  
 See ! \* chasten'd love in softer glances flows,  
 See ! with new fires parental duty glows.

Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,  
 Could not, alas ! thy grateful wishes save  
 That angel-goodness, which had blefs'd thy plain ?--  
 Ah ! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain !  
 On a far distant, and remorseless shore,  
 Where human fiends their dire libations pour ;

\* *Chasten'd love.*—Captain Cook observes, in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest, and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

Where

Where treachery, hov'ring o'er the blasted heath,  
 Poises with ghastly smile the darts of death,  
 Pierc'd by their venom'd points, your favorite bleeds,  
 And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds !

Thus when, of old, the Muse-born Orpheus bore  
 Fair Arts and Virtues to the Thracian shore ;  
 Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,  
 And pour'd persuasion from th' immortal lyre ;  
 As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,  
 Bow'd their meek heads, and listen'd to the song ;  
 Near, and more near, with rage and tumult loud,  
 Round the bold bard th' inebriate maniacs crowd.---  
 Red on th' ungrateful soil his life-blood swims,  
 And fiends and furies tear his quiv'ring limbs !

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,  
 And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's Morai ! \*  
 Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,  
 The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flow'rs ;

\* *Morai*.—The *Morai* is a kind of funeral altar, which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself, but others.

Bring

Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,  
And strew each lavish spoil on Cook's Morai !

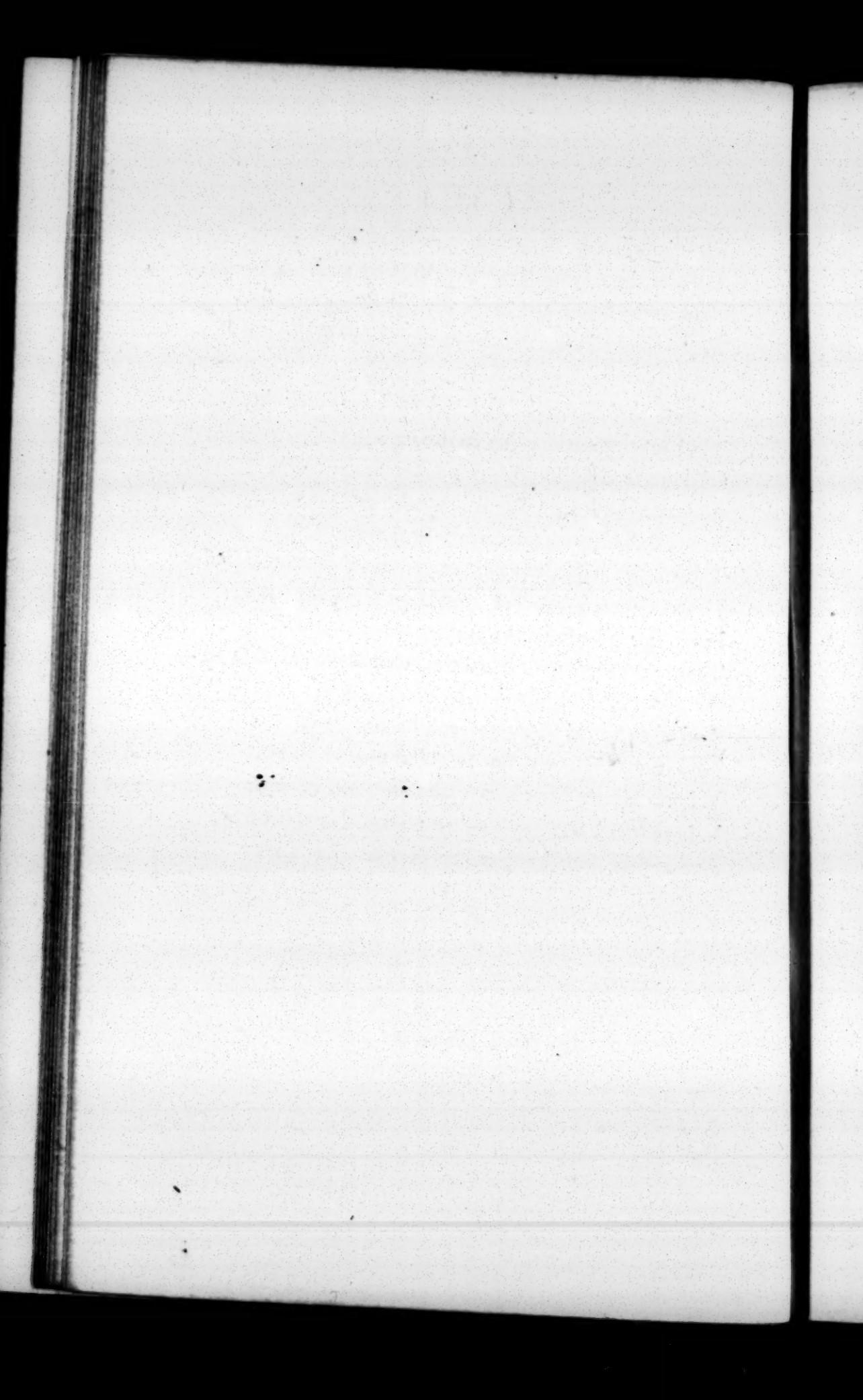
Come, Oberea, hapless fair-one ! come,  
With piercing shrieks bewail thy Hero's doom !  
She comes !---she gazes round with dire survey !  
Oh ! fly the mourner on her frantic way.  
See ! see ! the pointed ivory wounds that head,  
Where late the Loves impurpled roses spread ;  
Now stain'd with gore, her raven-tresses flow,  
In ruthless negligence of mad'ning woe ;  
Loud she laments !---and long the Nymph shall stray  
With wild unequal step round Cook's Morai !

But ah !---aloft on Albion's rocky steep,  
That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,  
Solicitous, and sad, a softer form  
Eyes the lone flood, and deprecates the storm.---  
Ill-fated matron !---for, alas ! in vain  
Thy eager glances wander o'er the main !---  
'Tis the vex'd billows, that insurgent rave,  
Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,  
'Tis not his sails !---thy husband comes no more !  
His bones now whiten an accursed shore !---  
Retire,---for hark ! the sea-gull shrieking foars,  
The lurid atmosphere portentous low'rs ;

Night's

Night's fullen spirit groans in ev'ry gale,  
 And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,  
 Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast---  
 Go, wretched mourner !---weep thy griefs to rest !

Yet, tho' through life is lost each fond delight,  
 Tho' set thy earthly fun in dreary night,  
 Oh ! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,  
 And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain ;  
 Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,  
 Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal bust ;  
 While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,  
 In endless incense to the smiling skies ;  
**THE ATTENDANT POWER**, that bade his sails ex-  
 pand,  
 And waft her blessings to each barren land,  
 Now raptur'd bears him to th' immortal plains,  
 Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains ;  
 Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,  
 And angels choir him, while he waits for **THEE**.



## ODE TO THE SUN.

Prize POEM at Batheaston, April 1779.

## I.

LORD of the Planets ! in their course  
 Thro' the long tracts of never-ceasing day,  
 Who to their orbs, with matchless force,  
 Bendest their rapid, wild, reluctant way ;  
 Tho' midst the vast and glitt'ring maze  
 Of countless worlds, that round thee blaze,  
 Small, dim, and cold, our little Earth appears,  
 Thy life-enkindling light she shares :  
 From the chill Pole's far-shining mountains frore,  
 To sandy Afric's sultry shore,  
 Wide o'er her plains thy living lustres stream,  
 In Lapland's long pale day, and swart Numidia's beam.

## II.

For her with delegated right,  
 Thy virgin-sister in thy absence shines,

B

Throws

Throws her soft robe of snowy light  
 O'er sullen Night's opake and shadowy shrines ;  
 Thy watchful centinel, she reigns  
 Controller of the watry plains,  
 Onward her silver arm the Ocean guides,  
 Or dashes back the impetuous tides.  
 But thou, on the green wave's capacious bed,  
 Hast light, and life, and gladness shed,  
 Thro' liquid mountains, as they roll,  
 Darting the beauteous beam, the vivifying soul,

## III.

That paints the shell's meand'ring mould,  
 Or spots the twinkling fin with gold ;  
 That gives the diamond's eye to blaze  
 With all thy bright and arrowy rays.---  
 Low in the billowy hold,  
 Where the mighty whales are straying,  
 And the burnish'd dolphins playing,  
 There, with tremulous light, thou charmest  
 Nations basking in thy gleam ;  
 And e'en there thy earth thou warmest  
 With thy mild prolific beam :  
 From the dwarf coral, with his vermeil horns,  
 Or sea-moss, matted round her briny caves,  
 To the broad oak, that Albion's cliff adorns,  
 And bears her sons triumphant o'er the waves ;

Each

Each stem, root, leaf, fair fruit, and flowret bright,  
Lustre and fragrance drink from thy all-chearing light.

## IV.

Remov'd from its more ardent ray,  
In grassy Albion's deep umbrageous vales,  
Thou bid'st them bloom in soft array,  
And breathe sweet incense on her vernal gales.  
Thy red Morn blushes on her shores,  
And liquid gems profusely pours ;  
Thy gay Noon glows with unoppressive beams,  
And glitters on her winding streams ;  
Thy modest Evening draws the deep'ning shades  
O'er her green hills, and bowery glades,  
Till the fair Months, with faded charms,  
Shrink in the chilly grasp of Winter's icy arms.

## V.

But this highly-favoured year,  
From thee with gifts peculiar sprung ;  
At thy command Autumna fair  
Her golden vest o'er shiv'ring Winter flung ;  
And bid him his pale ling'ring hours  
Gaily deck with fragrant flow'rs ;  
For his hoar brow matur'd the Violet wreath,  
From his wan lip bid pleasure breathe ;  
No more he blasts the plain, or warps the tide,  
But throws his iron rod aside,

His soften'd gale serenely blows,  
Till with Italia's charms hyernal Albion glows.

## VI.

Great Sun ! like thee with effluence bright,  
Rich source of intellectual light,  
Benign Humanity appears,  
From Sorrow shielding, and from Cares,  
And Poverty's sad blight.  
Genius hails thee, Pow'r propitious !  
Ripening in thy smile auspicious !  
Light divine ! thy bounty streaming  
\* Consecrates this destin'd ground,  
On the vase thy lustre beaming,  
“ Inspiration breathes around.”  
The nobler pleasures of the moral world  
From this internal radiance gently flow,  
As when, oh Sun ! thy summer-beams are hurl'd,  
And Air, Earth, Ocean, all exulting glow.—  
Great Sun ! with plenty ever bless these plains,  
Where Genius strikes the Lyre, and soft-eyed Mercy  
reigns !

\* It must be remembered, that this is a charitable as well as a poetic institution.

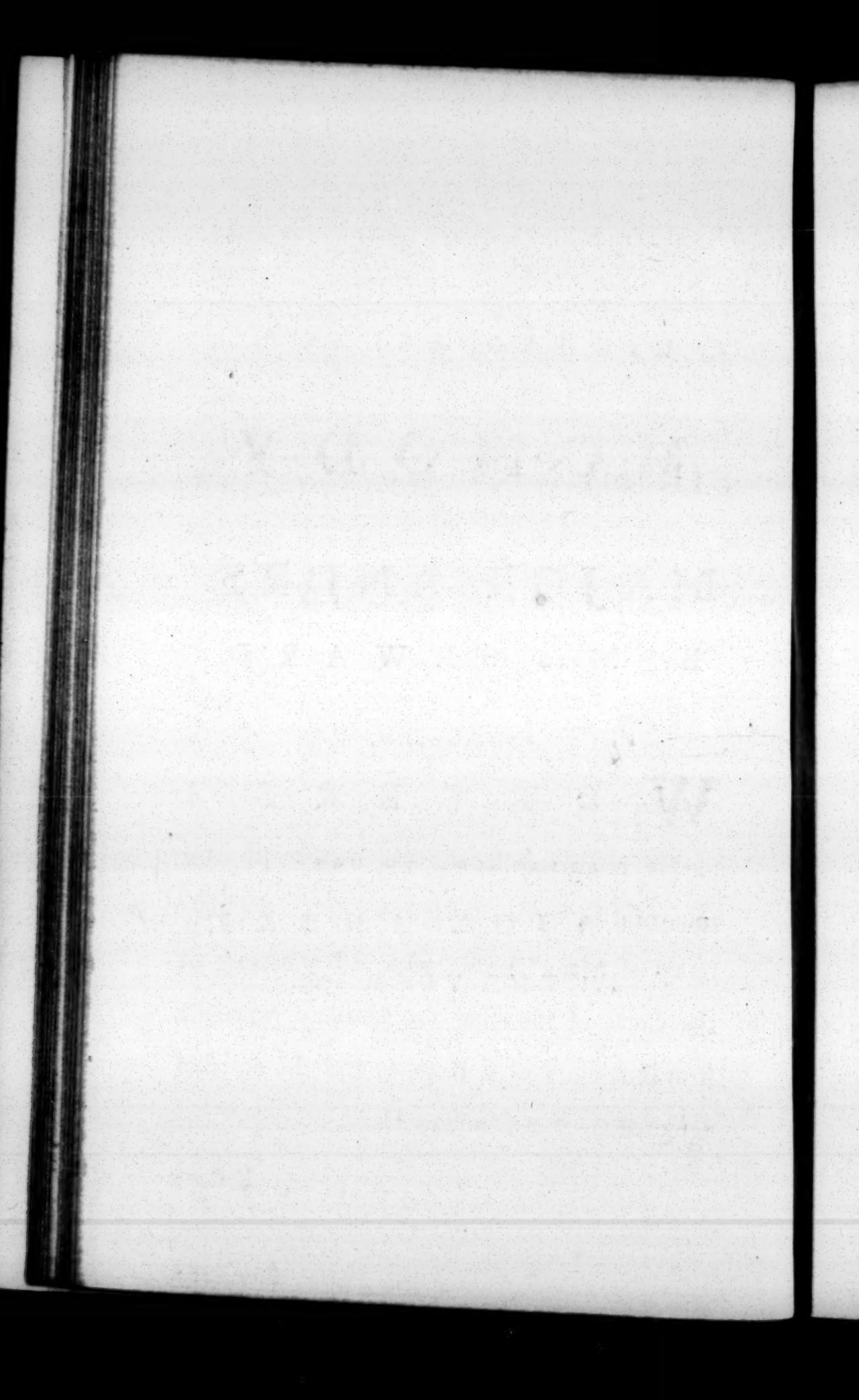
MONODY  
ON  
MAJOR ANDRÈ.  
BY MISS SEWARD.

To which are added,

LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO HER

By MAJOR ANDRÈ,  
IN THE YEAR 1769.



T O

H I S E X C E L L E N C Y,

SIR HENRY CLINTON,

K N I G H T O F T H E B A T H.

S I R,

W I T H the zeal of a religious Enthusiast  
to his murdered Saint, the Author of this  
mournful Eulogium consecrates it to the me-  
mory of Major Andrè, who fell a Martyr in  
the Cause of his King and Country, with the  
firm intrepidity of a Roman, and the amiable  
resignation of a Christian Hero.

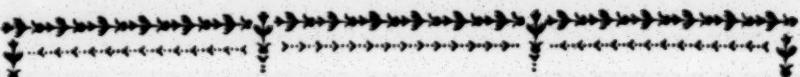
Distant

Distant Awe and Reverence prevent her offering these Effusions of Gratitude to the beneficent and Royal Patron of the André Family. May Mr. André's illustrious General, the Guardian of his injured Honour, his conspicuous and personal Friend, deign to accept them from One, who was once happy in the Friendship of the GLORIOUS SUFFERER.

*Your EXCELLENCE'S*

*most obedient humble Servant,*

ANNA SEWARD.



# MONODY

ON

## MAJOR ANDRÉ.

LOUD howls the storm ! the vex'd Atlantic roars !  
Thy Genius, Britain, wanders on its shores !  
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,  
And groans of Anguish, mid the shrieks of War !  
Hears the deep curses of the Great and Brave,  
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave !  
O'er his damp brow the fable crape he binds,  
And throws his \* victor garland to the winds ;  
Bids haggard Winter, in the drear sojourn,  
Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn ;  
With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,  
And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's shrine.  
Bids steel-clad Valour chace that dove-like Bride,  
Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side ;

\* *Victor garland.*—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

Where

Where long she sat and check'd the ardent rein,  
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er th' embattled plain ;  
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,  
 Rais'd her white arm, and stay'd th' uplifted spear ;  
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,  
 And glut with gore th' infatiate Dogs of War !---  
 With one pale hand the \* bloody scroll he rears,  
 And bids his Nations blot it with their tears ;  
 And one, extended o'er th' Atlantic wave,  
 Points to his André's ignominious grave !

And shall the Muse, that marks the solemn scene,  
 "As busy Fancy lifts the veil between,"  
 Refuse to mingle in the awful train,  
 Nor breathe, with glowing zeal, the votive strain ?  
 From public fame shall admiration fire  
 The boldest numbers of her raptur'd lyre  
 To hymn a Stranger ?---and with ardent lay  
 Lead the wild mourner round her Cook's morai ;  
 While André fades upon his dreary bier  
 And † Julia's only tribute is her tear ?  
 Dear, lovely Youth ! whose gentle virtues stole  
 Thro' Friendship's soft'ning medium on her soul !

\* *Bloody scroll.*—The Court-Martial decree, signed at Tappan for Major André's execution.

† *Julia.*—The name by which Mr. André addressed the Author in his correspondence with her.

Ah no!---with every strong resistless plea,  
 Rise the recorded days she pass'd with thee,  
 While each dim shadow of o'er-whelming Years,  
 With Eagle-glance reverted memory clears.

Belov'd Companion of the fairest hours  
 That rose for her in Joy's resplendent bow'rs,  
 How gaily shone on thy bright morn of Youth  
 The Star of Pleasure, and the Sun of Truth !  
 Full from their source descended on thy mind  
 Each gen'rrous virtue, and each taste refin'd ;  
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,  
 Bade thee ask \* all his gifts, nor ask in vain ;  
 Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest  
 Of pointed Wit, that diamond of the breast ;  
 Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,  
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay ;  
 And hence thy pencil, with his colours warm,  
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm  
 Whose transient glories beam on Beauty's cheek,  
 And bid thy glowing Ivory breathe and speak.

\* *All his gifts.*—Mr. André had conspicuous talents for Poetry, Music, and Painting. The News-papers mentioned a satiric poem of his upon the Americans, which was supposed to have stimulated their barbarity towards him.—Of his wit and vivacity, the letters subjoined to this work afford ample proof.—They were addressed to the Author by Mr. André when he was a Youth of eighteen.

Blest pencil ! by kind Fate ordain'd to save  
 Honora's semblance from her \* early grave.  
 Oh ! while on † Julia's arm it sweetly smiles,  
 And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,  
 Fondly she weeps the hand which form'd the spell,  
 Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthly cell !  
 But sure the Youth, whose ill-starr'd passion strove  
 With all the pangs of inauspicious Love,  
 Full oft deplored the fatal art that stole  
 The jocund freedom of its Master's soul !  
 While with nice hand he mark'd the living grace  
 And matchless sweetness of Honora's face,  
 Th' enamour'd Youth the faithful traces blest ;  
 That barb'd the dart of Beauty in his breast ;  
 Around his neck th' enchanting Portrait hung,  
 While a warm vow burst ardent from his tongue,  
 That from his bosom no succeeding day,  
 No chance should bear that talisman away.

\* *Early grave.*—Miss Honora S—— to whom Mr. André's attachment was of such a singular constancy, died in a consumption a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another Gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. André had been dissolved by parental Authority.

† *Julia's arm.*—Mr. André drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S—— on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton in the Year 1769, one for himself, the other for the Author of this Poem.

"Twas

'Twas thus \* Apelles bask'd in Beauty's blaze,  
 And felt the mischief of the steadfast gaze ;  
 Trac'd with disorder'd hand Campaspe's charms,  
 And as their beams the kindling Canvas warms,  
 Triumphant Love, with still superior art,  
 Engraves their wonders on the Painter's heart.

Dear lost Companion ! ever constant Youth !  
 That Fate had siml'd on thy unequal'd truth !  
 Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow  
 Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow !  
 Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,  
 And Hymen strew'd thy path with all his flow'rs ;  
 Drawn to thy roof, by Friendship's silver cord,  
 Each social Joy had brighten'd at thy board ;  
 Science, and soft affection's blended rays  
 Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days ;  
 From hour, to hour, thy taste, with conscious pride,  
 Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely Bride ;  
 Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face  
 Thy fair Honora's least engaging grace.  
 Dear lost Honora ! o'er thy early bier  
 The Muse still sheds her ever sacred tear !---

\* 'Twas thus *Apelles*.—Prior is very elegant upon this circumstance in an Ode to his Friend Mr. Howard the Painter.

The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,  
 By Zephyrs fan'd, and murmur'ring fountains fed,  
 In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,  
 Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.  
 Oh! when such Pairs their kindred Spirit find,  
 When Sense and Virtue deck each spotless Mind,  
 Hard is the doom that shall the union break,  
 And Fate's dark pinion hovers o'er the wreck.

Now Prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,  
 Frown'd on the Maid, and bad the Youth despair ;  
 For Pow'r Parental sternly saw, and strove  
 To tear the lilly-bands of plighted Love ;  
 Nor strove in vain ;---but while the Fair One's sighs  
 Disperse, like April-storms in sunny skies,  
 The firmer Lover, with unswerving truth,  
 To his first passion consecrates his Youth ;  
 Tho' four long years a night of absence prove,  
 Yet Hope's soft star shone trembling on his Love ;  
 Till \* busy Rumour chas'd each pleasing dream  
 And quench'd the radiance of the silver beam.

“ Honora lost !--- my happy Rival's Bride !  
 “ Swell ye full Sails ! and roll thou mighty Tide !

\* *Busy Rumour*.—The tidings of Honora's Marriage. Upon that event Mr. André quitted his Profession as a Merchant and join'd our Army in America.

“ O'er

" O'er the dark waves forsaken André bear  
 " Amid the vollying thunders of the War !  
 " To win bright Glory from my Country's Foes,  
 " E'en in this ice of LOVE, my bosom glows.  
 " Voluptuous LONDON ! where thy turrets blaze,  
 " Their hundred thrones the frolic Pleasures raise ;  
 " Bid proud Expence Sabeans odours bring,  
 " Nor ask her roses of the tardy Spring ;  
 " Where Music floats the glitt'ring roofs among,  
 " And with meand'ring cadence swells the Song ;  
 " Where Painting burns the Grecian Meed to claim,  
 " From the high temple of immortal Fame,  
 " Bears to the radiant Goal, with ardent pace,  
 " Her Kaufman's beauty, and her Reynold's grace ;  
 " Where Sun-clad Poetry the strain inspires,  
 " And foils the Grecian Harps the Latian Lyres.

" Ye soft'ning Luxuries ! ye polish'd Arts !  
 " Bend your enfeebling rays on tranquil hearts !  
 " I quit the Song, the Pencil, and the Lyre,  
 " White robes of Peace, and Pleasure's soft attire,  
 " To seize the Sword, to mount the rapid Car,  
 " In all the proud habiliments of War.---  
 " Honora lost ! I woo a sterner Bride,  
 " The arm'd Bellona calls me to her side ;  
 " Harsh is the music of our marriage strain !  
 " It breathes in thunder from the western plain !

" Wide

" Wide o'er the watery world its echo's roll,  
 " And rouse each latent ardor of my Soul.  
 " And tho' unlike the soft melodious lay,  
 " That gaily wak'd Honora's nuptial day,  
 " Its deeper tones shall whisper, e'er they cease,  
 " More genuine transport, and more lasting peace !

" Resolv'd I go!---nor from that fatal bourn  
 " To these gay scenes shall Andrè's step return !  
 " Set is the star of Love, that ought to guide  
 " His refluent Bark across the mighty Tide !---  
 " But while my Country's Foes, with impious hand  
 " Hurl o'er the subject plains the livid brand  
 " Of dire Sedition !---Oh ! let Heav'n ordain  
 " While Andrè lives, he may not live in vain !

" Yet without one kind farewell, cou'd I roam  
 " Far from my weeping Friends, my peaceful home,  
 " The best affections of my heart must cease,  
 " And gratitude be lost, with hope, and peace !

" My lovely Sisters ! who were wont to twine  
 " Your Soul's soft feelings with each wish of mine,  
 " Shall, when this breast beats high at Glory's call,  
 " From your mild eyes the show'rs of Sorrow fall ?---  
 " The light of Excellence, that round you glows,  
 " Decks with reflected beams your Brother's brows !

" Oh !

“ Oh ! may his Fame in some distinguish’d day,  
 “ Pour on that Excellence the brightest ray !

“ Dim clouds of Woe ! ye veil each sprightly grace  
 “ That us’d to sparkle in Maria’s face.----  
 “ My \* tuneful Anna to her lute complains,  
 “ But Griefs fond throbs arrest the parting strains.---  
 “ Fair as the silver blossom on the thorn,  
 “ Soft as the spirit of the vernal morn,  
 “ Louisa, chace those trembling fears, that prove  
 “ Th’ ungovern’d terrors of a Sister’s love.  
 “ They bend thy sweet head, like yon lucid flow’r,  
 “ That shrinks and fades beneath the Summer’s  
 “ show’r.---

“ Oh ! smile, my Sisters, on this destin’d day,  
 “ And with the radiant omen gild my way !  
 “ And thou, my Brother, gentle as the gale,  
 “ Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom’d vale,  
 “ Yet quick of Spirit, as th’ electric beam,  
 “ When from the clouds its darting lightnings stream,  
 “ Soothe with incessant care our Mother’s woes,  
 “ And hush her anxious sighs to soft repose.---  
 “ And be ye sure, when distant far I stray  
 “ To share the dangers of the arduous day,

\* *Tuneful Anna.*—Miss Anne André has a poetical talent.

“ Your tender faithful amity shall rest  
 “ The \* last dear record of my grateful breast.

“ Oh ! graceful Priestess at the fane of Truth,  
 “ Friend of my Soul ! and guardian of my Youth !  
 “ Skill'd to convert the duty to the choice,  
 “ My gentle Mother !---in whose melting voice  
 “ The virtuous precept, that perpetual flow'd,  
 “ With Music warbled, and with beauty glow'd,  
 “ Thy tears !---ah Heaven !---not drops of molten  
     “ lead,  
 “ Pour'd on thy hapless Son's devoted head,  
 “ With keener smart had each sensation torn !---  
 “ They wake the nerve where agonies are born !  
 “ But Oh ! restrain me not !---thy tender strife,  
 “ What would it save ?---alas ! thy Andrè's life !  
 “ Oh ! what a weary pilgrimage 'twill prove  
 “ Strew'd with the thorns of disappointed Love !  
 “ Ne'er can he break the charm, whose fond control,  
 “ By habit rooted, lords it o'er his soul,

\* *Last dear record.*—“ I have a Mother and three Sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject, I know your Excellency's goodness.”—See Major Andrè's last letter to General Clinton, published in the Gazette.

“ If

" If here he languish in inglorious ease,  
 " Where Science palls, and Pleasures cease to please.  
 " 'Tis Glory only, with her potent ray,  
 " Can chace the clouds that darken all his way.  
 " Then dry those pearly drops, that widely flow,  
 " Nor snatch the laurel from my youthful brow !—  
 " The Rebel Standard blazes to the noon !  
 " And Glory's path is bright before thy Son !  
 " Then join thy voice ! and thou with Heav'n ordain  
 " While Andrè lives, he may not live in vain !"

He says !----and sighing seeks the busy strand  
 Where anchor'd Navies wait the wish'd command.  
 To the full gale the nearer billows roar,  
 And proudly lash the circumscribing shore ;  
 While furious on the craggy coast they rave,  
 All calm and lovely rolls the distant wave ;  
 For onward, as th' unbounded waters spread,  
 Deep sink the rocks in their capacious bed,  
 And all their pointed terrors utmost force,  
 But gently interrupts the billows course.

So on his present hour rude passion preys !  
 So smooth the prospect of his future days !  
 Unconscious of the Storm that grimly sleeps,  
 To wreck its fury on th' unshelter'd Deep !

Now yielding waves divide before the prow,  
 The white sails bend, the streaming pennants glow ;  
 And swiftly waft him to the western plain,  
 Where fierce Bellona rages o'er the slain.

Firm in their strength opposing Legions stand,  
 Prepar'd to drench with blood the thirsty Land.  
 Now Carnage hurls her flaming bolts afar,  
 And Desolation groans amid the War.  
 As bleed the Valiant, and the Mighty yield,  
 Death stalks, the only Victor o'er the field.

Foremost in all the horrors of the day,  
 Impetuous \* Andrè leads the glorious way ;  
 Till, rashly bold, by numbers forc'd to yield,  
 They drag him captive from the long-fought field.---  
 Around the Hero crowd th' exulting Bands,  
 And seize the spoils of War with bloody hands ;  
 Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,  
 And tear the golden cresent from his breast ;  
 The sword, the tube, that wings the death from far,  
 And all the fatal implements of War !

\* *Impetuous Andrè*.—It is in this passage only that fiction has been employed through the narrative of the poem. Mr. Andrè was a prisoner in America, soon after his arrival there, but the Author is unacquainted with the circumstances of the action in which he was taken.

Silent,

Silent, unmov'd the gallant Youth survey'd  
 The lavish spoils triumphant Russians made.  
 'The idle ornament, the useless spear  
 He little recks, but oh ! there is a fear  
 Pants with quick throb, while yearning sorrows dart  
 'Thro' all his senses to his trembling heart.

“ What tho' Honora's voice no more shall charm !  
 “ No more her beamy smile my bosom warm !  
 “ Yet from these eyes shall Force for ever tear  
 “ The sacred Image of that Form so dear ?---  
 “ Shade \* of my Love !----tho' mute and cold thy  
     “ charms,  
 “ Ne'er hast thou blest my happy Rival's arms !

“ To my sad heart each Dawn has seen thee prest !  
 “ Each Night has laid thee pillow'd on my breast !  
 “ Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful shrine ;  
 “ Thou ne'er wert his, and shalt be ever mine !

\* *Shade of my Love.*—The miniature of Honora. A letter from Major André to one of his Friends, written a few years ago, contained the following sentence. “ I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and stript of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that I yet think myself fortunate.”

“ 'Tis

“ ‘Tis fix’d!—these lips shall resolute inclose  
 “ The precious Soother of my ceaseless woes.  
 “ And shou’d relentless Violence invade  
 “ This last retreat, by frantic Fondness made,  
 “ One way remains!—Fate whispers to my Soul  
 “ Intrepid \* Portia and her burning coal!  
 “ So shall the throbbing Inmate of my breast  
 “ From Love’s sole gift meet everlasting rest!”

While these sad thoughts in swift succession fire  
 The smother’d embers of each fond desire,  
 Quick to his mouth his eager hand removes  
 The beauteous semblance of the Form he loves.  
 That darling treasure safe, resign’d he wears  
 The sordid robe, the scanty viand shares;  
 With cheerful fortitude content to wait  
 The barter’d ransom of a kinder fate,

Now many a Moon in her pale course had fled,  
 The pensive beam on André’s captive head.

\* *Intrepid Portia.*—

“ BRUTUS.] Impatient of my absence,  
 “ And grieved that young Octavius, with Mark Anthony  
 “ Had made themselves so strong, she grew distracted,  
 “ And, her Attendants absent swallow’d fire.

“ CASSIUS.] And dy’d so?

“ BRUTUS.] Even so!

*See Shakespeare’s Play of Julius Cæsar, Act iv. Scene iv.*

At

At length the Sun rose jocund, to adorn  
 With all his splendor the enfranchis'd Morn.  
 Again the Hero joins the ardent Train  
 That pours its thousands on the tented plain ;  
 And shines distinguish'd in the long Array,  
 Bright as the silver star that leads the Day !  
 His modest temperance, his wakeful heed,  
 His silent diligence, his ardent speed,  
 Each warrior duty to the Veteran taught,  
 Shaming the vain Experience Time had brought.  
 Dependance scarcely feels his gentle sway,  
 He shares each want, and smiles each grief away ;  
 And to the virtues of a noble Heart  
 Unites the talents of inventive Art.  
 Thus from his swift and faithful pencil flow  
 The Lines, the Camp, the Fortress of the Foe ;  
 Serene to counteract each deep Design,  
 Points the dark Ambush, and the springing Mine ;  
 Till as a breathing Incense, André's name  
 Pervades the Host, and swells the loud acclaim.

The Chief no virtue views with cold regard,  
 Skill'd to discern, and generous to reward ;  
 Each tow'ring hope his honor'd smiles impart,  
 As near his Person, and more near his heart  
 The graceful Youth he draws,—and round his brow  
 Bids Rank and Pow'r their mingled brilliance throw.

Oh !

Oh ! hast thou seen a blooming Morn of May  
 In crystal beauty shed the modest ray ?  
 And with its balmy dews refreshing show'r  
 Swell the young grain, and ope the purple flow'r ?  
 In bright'ning lustre reach its radiant Noon,  
 Rob'd in the gayest mantle of the Sun ?  
 Then 'mid the splendors of its azure skies,  
 Oh ! hast thou seen the cruel Storm arise ?  
 In fable horror shroud each dazzling charm,  
 And dash their glories back with icy arm !

Thus lower'd the deathful cloud amid the blaze  
 Of Andrè's Destiny,—and quench'd its rays !—  
 Ah fatal Embassy !---thy hazard's dire  
 His kindling Soul with ev'ry ardor fire ;  
 Great Clinton gives it to the courage prov'd,  
 And the known wisdom of the Friend he lov'd.

As fair Euryalus to meet his Fate,  
 With Nysus rushes from the Dardan gate,  
 Relentless Fate ! whose fury scorns to spare  
 The snowy breast, red lip, and shining hair,  
 So polish'd Andrè launches on the waves,  
 Where \* Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves.

\* *Hudson's tide.*—Major Andrè came up the Hudson River to meet General Arnold. On his return by Land he fell into the hands of the Enemy.

With

With firm intrepid foot the Youth explores  
 Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores ;  
 But on no Veteran Chief his step attends,  
 As silent round the gloomy Wood he wends ;  
 Alone he meets the brave repentant Foe,  
 Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,  
 With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,  
 Seals the firm bond and ratifies its force.

'Tis thus AMERICA, thy Generals fly,  
 And wave new banners in their native sky !  
 Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours,  
 In friendly semblance on thy ravag'd shores.  
 Unnatural compact!---shall a Race of Slaves  
 Sustain the pond'rous standard Freedom waves ?  
 No ! while their feign'd Protection spreads the toils,  
 The Vultures hover o'er the destin'd spoils !  
 How fade Provincial glories, while You run  
 To court far deeper bondage than you shun !  
 Is this the generous active rising Flame,  
 That boasted Liberty's immortal name !  
 Blaz'd for its rights infring'd, its trophies torn,  
 And taught the Wise the dire mistake to mourn,  
 When haughty Britain, in a luckless hour,  
 With rage inebriate, and the lust of pow'r,  
 To fruitless conquest, and to countless graves  
 Led her gay Legions o'er the western waves !

The

The Fiend of Discord, cow'ring at the prow,  
Sat darkly smiling at th' impending woe !

Long did my Soul the wretched strife survey,  
And wept the horrors of the deathful day ;  
Thro' rolling Years saw undecisive War  
Drag bleeding Wisdom at his iron Car ;  
Exhaust my Country's treasure, pour her gore  
In fruitless conflict on the distant shore ;  
Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,  
And while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her Foes.

But when, repentant of her prouder aim,  
She gently waves the long disputed claim ;  
Extends the charter with your rights restor'd,  
And hides in olive wreaths the blood-stain'd sword.  
Then to reject her peaceful wreaths, and throw  
Your Country's freedom to our mutual Foe !---  
Infatuate Land !---from that detested day  
Distracted Councils, and the thirst of Sway,  
Rapacious Avarice, Superstition vile,  
And all the *Frenchman* dictates in his guile  
Disgrace your Congress !--- Justice drops her scale !  
And radiant Liberty averts her fail !  
They fly indignant the polluted plain,  
Where Truth is scorn'd and Mercy pleads in vain.

That

That she does plead in vain, thy witness bear,  
 Accursed Hour !---Oh ! darkest of the Year !  
 That with Misfortune's deadliest venom fraught  
 To Tappan's Wall the gallant André brought,  
 Snar'd in her fatal Maze, and borne away  
 Of fell Revenge, in all its guilt the Prey !

Oh Washington ! I thought thee great and good,  
 Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood !  
 Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,  
 Thou cool determin'd Murderer of the Brave !  
 Lost to each fairer Virtue, that inspires  
 The genuine fervor of the Patriot fires !  
 And You, the base Abettors of the doom,  
 That sunk his blooming honours in the tomb,  
 Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,  
 While all he ask'd was as the Brave to bleed !  
 Nor other boon the glorious Youth implor'd  
 Save the cold Mercy of the Warrior-Sword !  
 O dark, and pitiless ! your impious hate  
 O'erwhelm'd the Hero in the Ruffian's fate !  
 Stopt with the \* Felon-cord the rosy breath !  
 And venom'd with disgrace the darts of Death !

## Remorseless

\* *Felon-cord.*—“ As I suffer in the defence of my Country,  
 “ I must consider this hour as the most glorious of my life.—

“ Remem-

Remorseless Washington ! the day shall come  
 Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom !  
 When injur'd André's memory shall inspire  
 A kindling Army with resistless fire ;  
 Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,  
 And lead their fiercest Lion to the field !  
 Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,  
 When dubious dread, and unavailing flight  
 Impel your Host, thy guilt-upbraided Soul  
 Shall wish untouched the sacred Life you stole !  
 And when thy Heart appall'd and vanquish'd Pride  
 Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,  
 With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gave,  
 Nor Pity gild the darkness of thy grave !  
 For Infamy with livid hand shall shed  
 Eternal mildew on the ruthless head !

Less cruel far than thou, on Illium's plain  
 Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain !  
 When hapless Priam bends the aged knee  
 To deprecate the Victor's dire decree,  
 The Nobler Greek, in melting pity spares  
 The lifeless Hector to his Father's pray'rs,

" Remember that I die as becomes a British Officer, while  
 " the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your  
 " Commander." See Major André's last words, inserted  
 in the General Evening Post, for Tuesday, November the  
 14, 1780.

Fierce

Fierce as he was ;---'tis *Cowards* only know  
Persisting vengeance o'er a *fallen* Foe.

But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse,  
Oh murder'd André ! for thy sacred Corse ;  
Vain were an Army's, vain its Leader's sighs !---  
Damp in the Earth on Hudson's shore it lies !  
Unshrouded welters in the wint'ry Storm,  
And gluts the riot of the \* Tappan-Worm !  
But oh ! its dust, like Abel's blood, shall rise  
And call for justice from the angry skies !

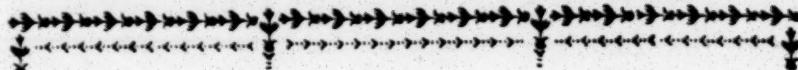
What tho' the Tyrants, with malignant pride,  
To thy pale Corse each decent right deny'd !  
Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,  
Nor with the Christian-Requiem sooth'd thy shade !  
Yet on thy grass-green Bier soft April-Show'r's  
Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous Flow'r's !  
Bid the blue Hare-bell, and the Snow-Drop there  
Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear !  
And oft, at pensive Eve's ambiguous gloom,  
Imperial Honour, bending o'er thy tomb,  
With solemn strains shall lull thy deep repose,  
And with his deathless Laurels shade thy brows !

\* *Tappan*.—The place where Major André was executed.

Lamented Youth ! while with inverted spear  
 The British Legions pour th' indignant tear !  
 Round the dropt arm the \* funeral-scarf entwine,  
 And in their hearts deep core thy worth enshrine ;  
 While my weak Muse, in fond attempt and vain,  
 But feebly pours a perishable strain,  
 Oh ! ye distinguish'd Few ! whose glowing lays  
 Bright Phœbus kindles with his purest rays,  
 Snatch from its radiant source the living fire,  
 And light with † Vestal flame your ANDRÈ's  
 HALLOW'D PYRE !

\* *Funeral scarf.*—Our whole Army in America went in-  
 to mourning for Major André, a distinguish'd tribute to his  
 merit.

† *Vestal flame.*—The Vestal fire was kept perpetually  
 burning, and originally kindled from the rays of the Sun.



## L E T T E R S

Addressed to the AUTHOR of the foregoing  
POEM, by Major *Andrè*, when he was a  
Youth of *Eighteen.*



CLAPTON, October 3, 1769.

FROM their agreeable excursion to Shrewsbury, my dearest Friends are by this time returned to their thrice beloved Lichfield.—Once again have they beheld those fortunate *spires*, the constant witnesses of all their pains and pleasures. I can well conceive the emotions of joy which their first appearance from the neighbouring hills, excites after absence ;—they seem to welcome you home, and invite you to reiterate those hours of happiness, of which they are a species of monument. I shall have an eternal love and reverence for them. Never shall I forget the joy that danced in Honora's eyes, when she first shewed them to me from Needwood Forest on our return with you from

from Buxton to Lichfield. I remember she called them the *Ladies of the Valley*—their lightness and elegance deserve the title. Oh! how I loved them from that instant! My enthusiasm concerning them is carried farther even than yours and Honora's, for every object that has a pyramidal form, recalls them to my recollection, with a sensation, that brings the tear of pleasure into my eyes.

How happy must you have been at Shrewsbury! only that you tell me, alas! that dear Honora was not so well as you wished during your stay there.--- I always hope the best. My impatient spirit rejects every obtruding idea, which I have not fortitude to support---Doctor Darwin's skill, and your tender care will remove that sad pain in her side, which makes writing troublesome and injurious to her; which robs her poor \* *Cher Jean* of those precious pages, with which, he flatters himself, she would otherwise have indulged him.

So your happiness at Shrewsbury scorned to be indebted to public amusements---Five Virgins---united in the soft bonds of friendship !---How should I have

\* A name of kindness, by which Mr. André was often called by his Mother and Sisters, and generally adopted by the persons mentioned in these letters.

liked to have made the sixth! --- But you surprize me by such an absolute exclusion of the Beaux --- I certainly thought that when five wise Virgins were watching at midnight, it must have been in expectation of the Bridegroom's coming. *We* are at this instant five Virgins, writing round the same table --- My three Sisters, Mr. Ewer, and myself. I beg no reflections injurious to the honour of poor *Cher-Jean*. My Mother is gone to pay a visit, and has left us in possession of the old Coach ; but as for nags, we can boast of only two long-tails, and my Sisters say they are sorry cattle, being no other than my friend Ewer and myself, who, to say truth, have enormous pig-tails.

My dear Boissier is come to town ; --- he has brought a little of the soldier with him, but he is the same honest, warm, intelligent friend I always found him. He sacrifices the town diversions, since I will not partake of them.

We are jealous of your correspondents, who are so numerous --- Yet, write to the André's often, my dear Julia, for who are they that will value your letters quite so much as we value them? --- The least scrap of a letter will be received with the greatest joy --- write therefore, though it were only to give us the comfort of having a piece of paper which has recently

passed through your hands ;---Honora will put in a little postscript, were it only to tell me that she is *my very sincere Friend*, who will neither give me love nor comfort---very short indeed, Honora, was thy last postscript !-----But I am two presumptuous ;---I will not scratch out, but I *unsay*---From the little there *was* I received more joy than I deserve.---This *Cher Jean* is an impertinent fellow, but he will grow discreet in time---You must consider him as a poor novice of *eighteen*, who, for all the sins he may commit, is sufficiently punished in the single evil of being 120 miles from Lichfield.

My Mother and Sisters will go to Putney in a few days to stay some time---We none of us like Clapton---I need not care, for I am all day long in town; but it is avoiding Scylla to fall into Charibdis.---You paint to me the pleasant vale of Stow in the richest autumnal colouring :---In return I must tell you, that my zephyrs, are wasted through cracks in the wainscot; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs; and squalling cats for birds that incessantly warble---I have said something of this sort in my letter to Miss Spearman, and am twinged with the idea of these epistles being confronted, and that I shall recall to your memory the fat Knight's love letters to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Julia,

Julia, perhaps thou fanciest I am merry---Alas!---But I do not wish to make you as doleful as myself; and besides, when I would express the tender feelings of my soul, I have no language which does them any justice; if I had, I should regret that you could not have it fresher, and that whatever one communicates by letter must go such a round-about way, before it reaches one's correspondent; from the writer's heart, through his head, arm, hand, pen, ink, paper, over many a weary hill and dale, to the eye, head, and heart of the reader. I have often regretted our not possessing a sort of faculty which should enable our sensations, remarks, &c. to arise from their source in a sort of exhalation, and fall upon our paper in words and phrases properly adapted to express them, without passing through an imagination whose operations so often fail to second those of the heart. Then what a metamorphose should we see in people's stile! How eloquent those who are truly attached! how stupid they who falsely profess affection! Perhaps the former had never been able to express half their regard; while the latter, by their flowers of rhetoric, had made us believe a thousand times more than they ever felt---but this is whimsical moralizing.

My Sisters Penserosos were dispersed on their arrival in town, by the joy of seeing Louisa and their

dear little Brother Billy again, our kind and excellent Uncle Giradot, and Uncle Lewis André. I was glad to see them, but they complained, not without reason, of the gloom upon my countenance---Billy wept for joy that we were returned, while poor *Cher Jean* was ready to weep for sorrow. Louisa is grown still handsomer since we left her. Our Sisters Mary and Anne, knowing your partiality to beauty, are afraid that when they shall introduce her to you, she will put their noses out of joint. Billy is not old enough for me to be afraid of in the rival-way, else I should keep him aloof, for his heart is formed of those affectionate materials, so dear to the ingenuous taste of Julia and her Honora.

I sympathize in your resentment against the Cattonical Dons, who stumpify the heads of those good green \* people, beneath whose friendly shade so many of your happiest hours have glided away---but they defy them ; let them stumpify as much as they please, Time will repair the mischief---their verdant arms will again extend, and invite You to their shelter.

The Evenings grow long---I hope your conversation round the fire will sometimes fall on the André's ; it will be a great comfort that they are remembered.

\* The trees in the Cathedral walk in Lichfield.

We chink our glasses to your healths at every meal---Here's to our Lichfieldian friends, says Nanny ;---Oh---h, says Mary ;---with all my soul, say I ;---Allons, cries my Mother ;---and the draught seems nectar. The libation made, we begin our uncloying theme, and so beguile the gloomy evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward will accept my most affectionate respects—My Male friend at Lichfield will join in your conversation on the Andrès. Among the numerous good qualities he is possessed of, he certainly has gratitude, and then he cannot forget those who so sincerely love and esteem him—I, in particular, shall always recall with pleasure the happy hours I have passed in his company—My friendship for him, and for your family, has diffused itself, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, on every thing which surrounds you, therefore I beg you would give my amitiès to the whole Town.—Persuade Honora to forgive the length and ardor of the inclosed, and believe me truly

your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. ANDRÈ.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

LONDON, October 19, 1769.

FROM the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head a while to converse with dear Julia.—And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a Quill-driver, I must tell her, that I begin as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a Merchant as a middle-aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff coloured cloaths, grasping a guinea in his red hand ; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the Duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæ that disembogue their stores upon his head ; Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods ;

goods ; Genii playing with pens, ink and paper ;—while in perspective, his gorgeous Vessels “launched “on the bosom of the silver Thames,” are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial Nation—Thus all the mercantile glories crowd on my fancy, emblazoned in the most resplendent colouring of an ardent imagination—Borne on her soaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labours with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me---I see Orphans, and Widows, and Painters, and Fidlers, and Poets, and Builders, protected and encouraged ; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered Pericranium, I cast my eyes around, and find John André, by a small coal fire, in a gloomy Compting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and in all probability never to be much more than he is at present.—But oh ! my dear Honora !---it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth.—You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease.

It is seven o'clock---You and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing-room fire-place.—What would I not give

give to enlarge that circle ! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, formed by a few sincere friends, transports me. You seem combined together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness and envy of the World. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as Julia's and her Honora's---Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you ; admit me to your conversationès ;---Think how I wish for the blessing of joining them !---and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope, that ere it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place ;---let the poker, tongs or shovel represent me ;---But you have Dutch-tiles which are infinitely better ;---So let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's Ass be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton.---I quit you abruptly till to-morrow : when, if I do not tear the nonsense I have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded Majesty.---Silvered with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps ;---Musing as I homeward plod my way—Ah ! need I name the subject of my contemplations !

*Thursday.*

*Thursday.*

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, a Miss Mourgue, very well---My Sisters send their amitiès and will write in a few days.

This morning I returned to town---It has been the finest day imaginable---A solemn mildness was diffused throughout the blue horizon ;---Its light was clear and distinct rather than dazzling ; the serene beams of the autumnal sun !—Gilded hills,---variegated woods, ---glittering spires,---ruminating herds,---bounding flocks,---all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and “ chace all sorrow but despair.”---In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature---A calmness, a benevolent disposition seizes us with sweet insinuating power---The very brute creation seem sensible of these beauties ;---There is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a Lamb, which I have but indifferently expressed in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an Ox, which, in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away—I must dispatch my letter,—Yet what does it contain ?—No matter—You like any thing better than news---Indeed you never told

told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject, from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived in the taste of Julia and Cher Jean.  
—What is it to you or me

If here in the City we have nothing but riot,  
If the Spital-field Weavers can't be kept quiet,  
If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,  
Or if Mr. Dick Wilson died aged of thirty ?

—But if I was to hearken to the versifying grumbling I feel within me I should fill my paper, and not have room left to intreat that you would plead my cause to Honora more eloquently than the inclosed letter has the power of doing.—Apropos of verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs. ———. Here it is at your service—

Then rustling and bustling the Lady comes down,  
With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,  
And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown.

This little French cousin of ours, Delarise, was my sister Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my Sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How

How sorry I am to bid you adieu ! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Lichfield!—*Lichfield!* Ah ! of what magic letters is that little word composed!—How graceful it looks when it is written!—Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning “ \* The field of blood ! ” Oh ! no such thing !—It is the field of joy ! “ The beautiful City, that lifts her fair head in the valley and says, I *am* and there is none beside me ! ”—Who says she is vain ?—Julia will not say so---nor yet Honora---and least of all their devoted

J. ANDRÈ.

\* *Field of blood.*—Here is a small mistake—Lichfield is not the field of blood, but “ the field of dead-bodies,” alluding to a battle fought between the Romans and the British Christians in the Dioclesian Persecution, when the latter were massacred.—Three slain Kings, with their burying-place, now Barrowcop-hill, and the Cathedral in miniature, form the City-arms. *Lich* is still a word in use. The Church-yard Gates, through which Funerals pass, are often called Lich-gates.

LETTER

## LETTER III.

CLAPTON, November 1, 1769.

MY ears still ring with the sounds of Oh Jack ! Oh Jack ! How do the dear Lichfieldians ?---What do they say ?---What are they about ?---What did *you* do while you were with them ?—Have patience, said I, good people !—and began my story, which they devoured with as much joyful avidity as Adam did Gabriel's tidings of heaven—My Mother and Sisters are all very well, and delighted with their little Frenchman, who is a very agreeable Lad.

Surely you applaud the fortitude with which I left you !—Did I not come off with flying colours ?—It was a great effort, for, alas ! this recreant heart did *not second* the smiling courage of the *countenance* ; nor is it yet as it ought to be, from the hopes it may reasonably entertain of seeing you all again ere the winter's

winter's dreary hours are past.—Julia, my dear Julia, gild them with tidings of our beloved Honora!—Oh that you may be enabled to tell me that she regains her health, and her charming vivacity!—Your sympathizing heart partakes all the joys and pains of your friends.—Never can I forget its kind offices, which were of such moment to my peace!—*Mine* is formed for friendship, and I am blest in being able to place so *well* the purest passion of an ingenuous mind!—How am I honoured in Mr. and Mrs. Seward's attachment to me!—Charming were the anticipations which beguiled the long tracts of hill, and dale, and plain that divide London from Lichfield!—With what delight my eager eyes *drank* their first view of the dear Spires!—What rapture did I not feel on entering your gates!—in flying up the hall steps!—in rushing into the dining-room! in meeting the gladdened eyes of dear Julia and her enchanting Friend!—That instant convinced me of the truth of Rousseau's observation, “that there are *moments* worth “ages.”—Shall not those moments return?—Ah Julia! the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your poor *Cher Jean*—He is forced to hammer into it perpetually every consoling argument that the magic wand of Hope can conjure up; viz. that every moment of industrious absence advances his journey, you know whither.—I may sometimes make excursions to

Lichfield,

Lichfield, and bask in the light of my Honora's eyes !—Sustain me Hope !—nothing on my part shall be wanting which may induce thee to fulfil thy blossoming promises.

The happy social circle, Julia, Honora, Miss S——n, Miss B——n, her Brother, Mr. S——e, Mr. R——n, &c. &c. are now perhaps, enlivening your Dressing-room, the dear *blue Region*, as Honora calls it, with the sensible observation, the tasteful criticism, or the elegant song ;—dreading the iron tongue of the Nine o'clock bell, which disperses the Beings, whom friendship and kindred virtues had drawn together.—My imagination attaches itself to all, even the *inanimate* objects which surround Honora and her Julia ;—that have beheld their graces and virtues expand and ripen ;—my dear Honora's, from their infant bud.

The sleepy Claptonian train are gone to bed, somewhat wearied with their excursion to Enfield, whither they have this day carried their favourite little Frenchman ;—so great a favourite, the parting was quite tragical. I walked hither from town, as usual, to-night —no hour of the twenty four is so precious to me as that devoted to this solitary walk.—Oh, my Friend ! I am far from possessing the patient frame of mind  
which

which I so continually invoke!—Why is Lichfield an hundred and twenty miles from me?—There is no *moderation* in the distance!—Fifty or sixty miles had been a great deal too much, but then, there would have been less opposition from *authority* to my frequent visits—I conjure you, supply the want of these blessings by frequent *letters*—I must not, will not ask them of Honora, since the use of the pen is forbid to her declining health;—I will content myself, as usual, with a postscript from her in your epistles.—My Sisters are charmed with the packet which arrived yesterday, and which they will answer soon.

As yet I have said nothing of our journey. We met an entertaining Irish Gentleman at Dunchurch, and, being fellow-sufferers in cold and hunger, joined interests, ordered four horses, and stufed three in a chaise.—It is not to you, I need apologize for talking in raptures of an Higler whom we met on our road. His cart had passed us, and was at a considerable distance, when looking back, he perceived that our Chaise had stopped, and that the Driver seemed mending something. He ran up to him, and with a face full of honest anxiety, pity, good-nature, and every sweet affection under Heaven, asked him if we wanted anything; that he had plenty of nails, ropes, &c. in his cart.

cart.—That wretch of a Postillion made no other reply than, “ We want nothing, Master.” From the same impulse the good Irishman, Mr. Till, and myself thrust our heads instantly out of the Chaise, and tried to recompence to the honest Creature this surly reply, by every kind and grateful acknowledgment, and by forcing upon him a little pecuniary tribute. My benevolence will be the warmer, while I live, for the treasured remembrance of this Higler’s countenance.

I know you interest yourself in my destiny—I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a Merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it—Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention! —that vile trash, which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my Soul—Thus all my Mercantile calculations go to the tune of *dear Honora*.—When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a Merchant, I draw my Honora’s picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear Talisman so inspirits my industry that no toil appears oppressive.

The poetic task you set me is in a sad method  
—My head and heart are too full of other mat-

ters

ters to be engrossed by a draggletailed Wench of the Heliconian puddle.

I am going to try my interest in Parliament—How you stare!—it is to procure a frank.—Be so good to give the enclosed to Honora ;—it will speak to *her*—And do *you* say every thing that is kind for me to every *other* distinguished Friend of the Dressing-room circle—encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in your letters, but don't let them take Honora's corner of the sheet.

Adieu!—May you all possess that chearfulness denied to your *Cher Jean*. I fear it hurts my Mother to see my musing moods ;—but I can neither help nor overcome them.—The near hopes of another excursion to Lichfield, could alone disperse every gloomy vapour of my imagination.

Again, and yet again Adieu !

J. A N D R È.





M O N O D Y  
ON THE  
DEATH of Mr. GARRICK.

DIM sweeps the show'r along the misty vale,  
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.  
O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,  
And gazes absent on the faded scenes ;  
And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,  
That wont to revel in his Laura's face,  
When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay she twin'd,  
And each light spray with roseate ribbons join'd.  
Dropt from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie ;  
And lo ! dark cypress meets the mournful eye ;

For

For *thee*! Oh GARRICK! sighs from Genius breathe,  
For *thee* sad Beauty weav's the funeral wreath.

SHAKESPEARE's great spirit, in its cloudless blaze,  
Led him unequall'd thro' th' inventive maze ;  
Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,  
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.  
He caught the genuine humour glowing there,  
Wit's vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer ;  
The strange distress that fires the kindling brain  
Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;  
Or when the pale youth, in the midnight shade,  
Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade,  
Or starting from the couch with dire affright,  
When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the sight  
In all the horrors of the guilty soul,  
Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole.  
—Our subject passions own'd the sway complete  
And hail'd their GARRICK as their SHAKESPEARE  
great.

That voice which pour'd its music on our ear,  
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,  
Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,  
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,  
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimpled sleek,  
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek—

Where

Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell  
In sensate—shrunk—and still—and cold they dwell;  
A silence solemn and eternal keep,  
Where neither love shall smile—nor anguish weep.

Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh,  
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye,  
With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,  
While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine;  
Then give his merits to your loudest fame,  
And write in sun-bright lustre GARRICK's name.

F I N I S.

( 60 )

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Sie sind so leicht zu verstehen, daß man sie  
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